

\* NOTE FROM JOAN: PLEASE LISTEN TO  
"THE CASSETTE OF  
~~SOMEONE~~ NO ONE TO CRY TO." AT THE  
END OF THIS STORY.

OUTLINE: REN'S PECS

DATE: 2/28/92

VER:2

## REN'S PECS

OK  
(WITH JOAN'S  
CHANGES)

### ON THE BEACH

REN AND STIMPY ARE LYING ON THE BEACH, SUNNING THEMSELVES.

STIMPY WEARS A POLKA-DOTTED ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT AND A SUN HAT.

REN THINKS HE'S A SEX GOD IN HIS TIGHT, BLACK SPEEDO SWIM BRIEFS. HE SUCKS IN HIS GUT AND THRUSTS OUT HIS CHEST TRYING TO ATTRACT THE BABES.

A TANNED BODY-BUILDER KICKS SAND IN REN'S FACE AND STRUTS AWAY.

HELPLESS, REN TREMBLES AND HIS BLOOD SIMMERS.

STIMPY RESTS A HAND ON REN'S BACK TO CONSOLE HIM.

"IF ONLY I HAD HUGE PECTORAL MUSCLES," SAYS REN, SEETHING WITH INDIGNATION.

### CHARLES ATLAS

CHARLES ATLAS WASHES ASHORE AND SITS UP. "THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED, MY FRIEND!" HE SAYS WITH A CONFIDENT SMILE.

CHARLES: "IF YOU HAD LARGE PECTORAL MUSCLES, NO ONE WOULD PUSH YOU AROUND EVER AGAIN!"

"BUT I AM TOO FEEBLE TO WORK OUT," WHINES REN.

CHARLES: "WORK OUT! I HAVE NEVER WORKED OUT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE, AND LOOKIT ME!"

CHAS FLEXES HIS PECS.

CHARLES TURNS TO REN AND MATTER-OF-FACTLY SAYS, "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF PECT-O-PLASTY?"



REN SHAKES HIS HEAD NO.

CHARLES: "WE'RE LIVING IN THE FUTURE NOW! ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, MY FRIEND, IS GET YOUR FAT CELLS EXTRACTED FROM A FATTY REGION OF YOUR BODY, THEN IMPLANTED INTO YOUR PECTORAL MUSCULATURE."

A CLOSER LOOK AT REN MAKES IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY FAT TO REARRANGE. EVERYONE BOWS THEIR HEAD FEELING DEFEATED.

"I WILL ALWAYS BE A WIMP, FOR I HAVE NO FAT CELLS TO IMPLANT" CRIES REN.

### **STIMPY VOLUNTEERS**

WE SEE STIMPY'S BUTT GLISTENING IN THE SUN.

STIMPY GRINS AND POINTS TO HIS BUTT. "I HAVE LOTS OF BODY FAT REN! YOU CAN USE SOME OF MINE!"

REN IS STUNNED BY STIMPY'S VERY GENEROUS OFFER.

REN: "I COULD NEVER TAKE YOUR FAT CELLS STIMPY! THEY ARE YOURS UNTIL DEATH, GIVEN UNTO YOU BY GOD!" *THE MAN UPSTAIRS!*

STIMPY CLUTCHES REN'S SHOULDERS WITH HIS HANDS AND SAYS, "YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND, REN. YOU DESERVE TO HAVE WHATEVER YOU WANT. IF IT IS HUGE PECTORAL MUSCLES YOU WANT, HUGE PECTORAL MUSCLES YOU SHALL HAVE. NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME HAPPIER THAN FOR YOU TO HAVE PART OF MY BODY IMPLANTED DEEP INSIDE YOUR CHEST!"

REN EMBRACES STIMPY WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES. HE SOBS AS STIMPY SQUEEZES HIM BACK.

### **STIMPY IMPRESSES CHARLES**

CHARLES IS MOVED. HE LOOKS TO THE GROUND BASHFULLY AND CRIES. "GOSH, WHAT A FRIEND. IF ONLY I HAD A FRIEND LIKE THAT," HE SAYS.

HE GRABS HIS WALLET AND TAKES OUT FIVE BUCKS. HE THRUSTS THE MONEY IN REN'S FACE. "HERE, HERE'S FIVE BUCKS, LET HIM BE MY FRIEND TOO!"



"OH NO, HE'S ALL MINE" SAYS REN, HUGGING STIMPY EVEN TIGHTER THAN BEFORE.

REN GAZES INTO STIMPY'S EYES WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION.

MR. ATLAS HANDS REN HIS DOCTOR'S BUSINESS CARD, "WELL, HERE. TAKE THIS CARD. THIS IS THE DOCTOR WHO DID MY LIPO-TRANSFER PECT-O-PLASTY. HE'LL DO YOU UP RIGHT; BELIEVE YOU ME!"

REN BEAMS BRIGHTLY AS HE STARES AT THE DOCTOR'S BUSINESS CARD.

A WIDER SHOT FROM BEHIND REVEALS THAT CHARLES LACKS BUTT FAT ENTIRELY. HIS BIKINI BRIEFS ARE TIED OFF IN A KNOT TO KEEP THEM FROM SAGGING.

X-DISSOLVE

#### **OPERATION**

REN AND STIMPY LIE SIDE BY SIDE ON GURNEYS. THEY'RE PREPPED FOR THE OPERATION.

REN TURNS TO STIMPY AND SPEAKS WITH GREAT EMOTION, "YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME, STIMPY."

REN AND STIMPY CLASP HANDS.

STIMPY: "I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU REN."

STRAINING TO HOLD BACK TEARS, THE BOYS GET WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

UNDER THE LIGHTS, WE SEE A SILHOUETTE OF A NURSE PASSING A JIGGLING PLATE OF BUTT FAT TO THE DOCTOR.

FADE OUT

FADE IN



## **CAST REMOVAL**

REN AND STIMPY LIE IN A HOSPITAL BED, UNCONSCIOUS AND BANDAGED.

STIMPY'S BUTT IS IN A CAST AND SO IS REN'S CHEST.

THE DOCTOR ENTERS, WAKING THE TWO UP. "TIME TO REMOVE YOUR BANDAGES, BOYS!" HE SAYS WIELDING SCISSORS.

THE DOCTOR CUTS AND PRIES STIMPY'S BUTT OUT OF HIS CAST. IT DROOPS LIKE A WITHERED BALLOON.

THE DOCTOR SOLEMNLY PUTS HIS HAND ON STIMPY'S SHOULDER AND SAYS, "BUCK UP SOLDIER. AT LEAST YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WITS."

THE DOCTOR PROMPTLY TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO REMOVING REN'S BANDAGES.

HE PRIES AT REN'S CAST AS IF HE WERE UNVEILING A MASTERPIECE.

DOCTOR: "YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A WHOLE NEW LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, MR. HOEK!"

REN SMILES WEAKLY.

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

FADE IN

**RECOVERY: REN FLEXES PECS/STIMPY IS FEEBLE**  
BACK HOME, REN AND STIMPY RECUPERATE.

REN STANDS IN HIS ROBE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR. HE DROPS THE ROBE TO THE FLOOR.

REN'S PECS LOOK MAGNIFICENT.  
HE STRIKES MUSCLE MAN POSES.

IN THE MIDDLE OF A POSE, REN COUGHS.



"HEY STIMPY!" YELLS REN. "WOULD'JYA BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER?  
I'M STILL FEELING A BIT LOW."

STIMPY PUTS DOWN HIS KNITTING. "I'LL BE RIGHT THERE," HE SAYS IN  
A FEEBLE LITTLE VOICE AS HE SLOWLY GETS OUT OF BED.

STABILIZING HIMSELF BY GRIPPING THE BED, STIMPY TRIES TO SHAKE  
HIS BEHIND, BUT CAN'T. IT DOESN'T SHAKE, IT MERELY WAGS BACK  
AND FORTH.

REN TAPS HIS FOOT IMPATIENTLY AS HE WAITS FOR HIS WATER.  
"C'MON ALREADY!" HE YELLS.

STIMPY ENTERS WITH THE WATER, WALKING WITH A CANE.

" 'BOUT TIME!" BARKS REN, SWIPING THE GLASS OUT OF STIMPY'S  
HAND.

STIMPY WOEFULLY HOBBOLES AWAY AS REN CONTINUES POSTURING IN  
FRONT OF THE MIRROR.

REN IS COMPLETELY INFATUATED WITH HIMSELF.

OOZING MACHISMO, HE GLIDES OVER TO STIMPY'S BEDSIDE.

### SEPARATION

UPON SEEING STIMPY, REN GETS IRRITATED. "WHAT'RE YOU DOING  
STILL IN BED? YOU SAID THAT TODAY WE COULD *FINALLY* GO BACK TO  
THE BEACH! YOU THINK I WANT TO WASTE AWAY LIKE YOU!"

STIMPY STOPS KNITTING AND SAYS, "I STILL DON'T FEEL LIKE IT REN."

REN IS EXASPERATED. PACING BACK AND FORTH, HE <sup>MUTTERS</sup> ~~SCREAMS~~, "I  
CAN'T BELIEVE YOU! EVER SINCE THE OPERATION, YOU DON'T WANT TO  
DO ANYTHING I TELL YOU TO. DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT *MY* NEEDS, *MY*  
WANTS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. WE SIMPLY HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON  
ANYMORE!"

"MAYBE I'M HOLDING YOU BACK" SAYS STIMPY DOWNHEARTEDLY.

"MAYBE YOU ARE!" BARKS REN, TURNING AWAY.



PROFOUNDLY DISAPPOINTED, STIMPY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND CALMS DOWN. THINKING ONLY OF REN'S HAPPINESS, HE SELFLESSLY COMES TO A CONCLUSION AND TELLS REN:  
"MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE PALS ANYMORE" STATES STIMPY. "MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE OUT ON YOUR OWN."

"~~THAT SUITS ME FINE!~~" SCREAMS REN. <sup>Are You Sure?</sup> ASKS REN.  
REN ~~STOMPS~~ <sup>WALKS</sup> TO THE CLOSET AND RETURNS WITH HIS SUITCASE.

REN BOWS HIS HEAD. "I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE THEN" HE TELLS STIMPY.

"I GUESS SO" WHISPERS STIMPY AS TEARS WELL UP IN HIS EYES.

HE HANDS REN A PRESENT SAYING, "I WAS GOING TO SAVE THIS 'TIL YOUR BIRTHDAY, BUT IT'LL DO AS A GOODBYE PRESENT."

REN IS TOUCHED. HE OPENS THE BOX AND PULLS OUT A GARMENT.

STIMPY: "IT'S A MUSCLE T-SHIRT."

REN PUTS IT ON. "YOU KNIT THIS FOR ME?!" HE ASKS IN DISBELIEF.

"JUST FOR YOU" SAYS STIMPY.

"THANKS, STIMPY. I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU," SAYS REN ALL CHOKED UP. HE KISSES STIMPY ON THE FOREHEAD AND MAKES FOR THE EXIT.

REN SAYS GOODBYE AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

STIMPY'S LIP QUIVERS WITH SORROW. HE ~~EXPLODES INTO A BAWLING~~  
~~EXTRAVAGANZA.~~

**BACK TO THE BEACH**

REN STRUTS ALONG THE BEACH WITH CONFIDENCE.

THE GIRLS INSTANTLY NOTICE HIM.

REN FLEXES HIS PECS AND THE GIRLS SWOON.

ONE OF THE GIRLS APPROACHES REN.



THEY GAZE AT EACH-OTHER DEEPLY; SHE ADMIRES REN'S PECS, AND HE ADMIRES HERS.

THEY WALK AWAY ARM-IN-ARM.

### JET-SET LIFESTYLE

IN A MONTAGE, WE SEE REN LIVING THE JET-SET LIFESTYLE:

WEARING A COLLAR, BOW TIE AND CUFFS (LIKE A CHIPPEндаLES DANCER,) REN CHUCKLES SUAVELY AS HE SHARES A COCKTAIL WITH HIS DATE.

REN POSES FOR A BEEF-CAKE CALENDER.

POSTERS OF REN ARE PLASTERED ACROSS THE SIDE OF A BUILDING AS STIMPY WATCHES.

REN NODS TO THE PRESS AND WAVES TO REPORTERS AS HE STRUTS DOWN A RED-CARPETED WALKWAY.

REN EXITS A BEVERLY HILLS BOUTIQUE WALKING A PET CHEETAH.

REN OVERTURNS A TABLE IN A RESTAURANT WHEN THE PAPARAZZI'S FLASH BULBS ANNOY HIM.

X-DISSOLVE

### STIMPY MOURNS END OF FRIENDSHIP

STIMPY SITS IN THE MOONLIGHT, GRIPPING THE EDGE OF THE BED.

ON THE BED, MOONLIGHT TRICKLES DOWN TO THE EMPTY SPOT WHERE REN ONCE SLEPT.

IN THE BACKGROUND

HE MOURNS THE LOSS OF HIS FRIEND, AS THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONG, "NO ONE TO CRY TO" PLAYS ON: IT SINGS A BEAUTIFUL HEART-RENDING PLEA FOR COMPANIONSHIP.

STIMPY LOOKS UP TO THE BEEF-CAKE CALENDER OF REN ON THE WALL AND STARES AT REN'S SMILING FACE.

HE KNEELS BESIDE HIS BED AND PRAYS.

HOLDING BACK THE

GETTING BACK ON THE BED, STIMPY LIES ON HIS BACK AND SOBS.

THROUGH HIS TEARS, HE SEES REN'S FACE → A VISION OF FLOATING ABOVE THE BED.

REN'S IMAGE MOUTHS THE WORDS ALONG WITH THE SONG.

REN'S IMAGE + STIMPY SING BEAUTIFUL HARMONY TOGETHER "SOMEONE TO CRY TO, SOMEONE TO HOLD ME TO, SOMEONE TO CHEER ME UP WHEN I'M DOWN"



AT THE END OF THE SONG, SHIMMORING  
STIMPY REACHES TO TOUCH REN'S FACE AND THE IMAGE DISAPPEARS.

STIMPY BURIES HIS FACE IN HIS PILLOW AND WHIMPERS.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

### REN LOSES POPULARITY

REN SITS NEXT TO HIS NEW SWEETHEART ON A LOVE-SEAT.

HE WOOS HER: "YOUR LIPS ARE AS RED AS THE FRESHEST MEAT, YOUR EYES ARE LIKE TWO LIMPID POOLS OF BACON GREASE. LET US DANCE BENEATH THE MOON, LIKE TWO NIGHT CRAWLERS WORMING THROUGH A PEAT BOG!"

SHE SIGHS IN ECSTASY.

THEY ARE ABOUT TO KISS WHEN, SUDDENLY, REN IS SEIZED WITH CHEST SORENESS.

HE CLUTCHES HIS PECS AS HIS GAL STEPS BACK, WATCHING IN HORROR.

REN TRIES TO OVERCOME THE DISCOMFORT. HE SAYS, "I THINK IT IS ANGINA PECTORIS; IT'LL PASS."

REN'S CHEST FARTS, DISGUSTING THE GIRL TO HER CORE. "YOU'VE GOT AN ANUS ON YOUR STERNUM!" SHE SCREAMS, STAGGERING OUT THE DOOR.

REN IS FLOORED. "I GUESS MY MUSCLES AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE CRACKED UP TO BE," HE OBSERVES.

BURYING HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, REN SOBS BRIEFLY.

HE TRUDGES OUT THE DOOR FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF.

X-DISSOLVE.



**REN COMES CRAWLING BACK**

REN ENTERS THE TRAILER HOLDING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

HE TIP-TOES SHEEPISHLY INTO THE BEDROOM WHERE STIMPY IS PASSED OUT. HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S CRIED HIMSELF TO SLEEP.

REN RESTS THE BOUQUET NEXT TO STIMPY'S FACE AND SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

SNIFFING THE FLOWERS, STIMPY REVIVES.

REN THROWS HIMSELF AT STIMPY'S FEET BEGGING FORGIVENESS.

STIMPY TRIES TO FIGHT HIS FORGIVING NATURE, BUT SWALLOWS HIS PRIDE AND WELCOMES REN BACK.

THEY TEARFULLY EMBRACE.

GIVES STIMPY HIS BUTT BACK.  
REN EXCUSES HIMSELF TO USE STIMPY'S CAT-BOX.

STIMPY WINKS TO CAMERA AS WE IRIS OUT.

PATS ON HIS BUTT, PROUDLY.  
~~THE END~~  
REN SAYS "IT ALWAYS LOOKED BETTER ON YOU."

STIMPY IS TOUCHED, HE IS ABOUT TO EMBRACE REN, WHEN HE REALIZES HE PUT HIS BUTT ON UPSIDE DOWN, IT SHOOTS A FART STRAIGHT UP + INTO REN'S NOSE.

REN + STIMPY LAUGH HEARTILY,

THE END,